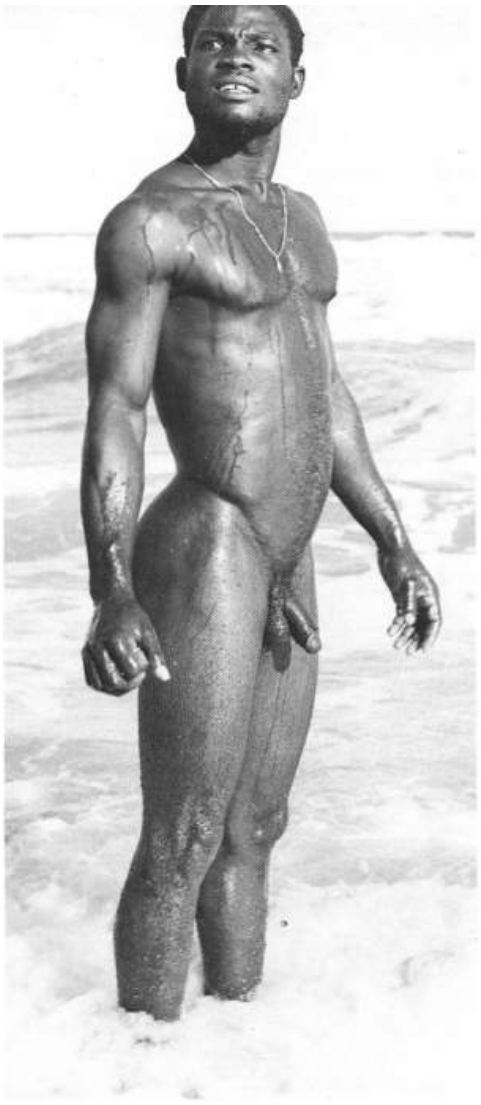

his huge, big-muscled physique, deliberately trying to hurt, the blond, never letting the wide-flared rim of his heart-shaped helmet-head slip past the munching, suck-puckered lips, but giving and taking back every inch of the great, wrist-thick, vein-laced, fat-bellied hugeness of his monumental hard-on.

They worked that sonofabitch over, good, hard, expertly, and I gloated over it, remembering the touch-me-not attitude he had always adopted, recalling my disappointment that night, the first time I ever saw him, in that theatre, teasing, beating his meat, enticing, luring me on to make a pass, then rejecting it—and me!

I crept closer, my cock a thrusting, scorching firebrand in my fist, the satin-soft shaft skin slithery and exciting against my palm.

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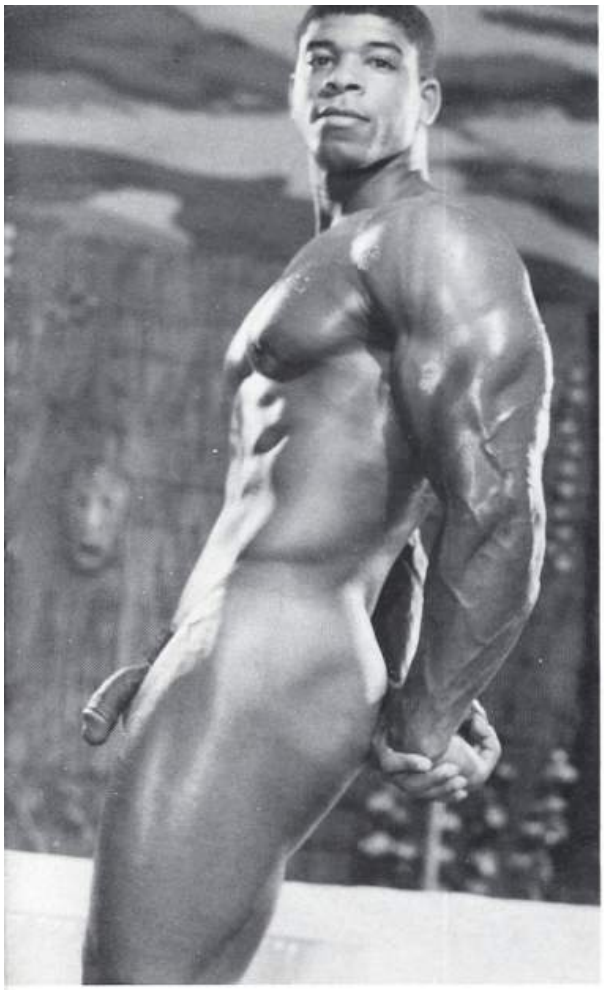

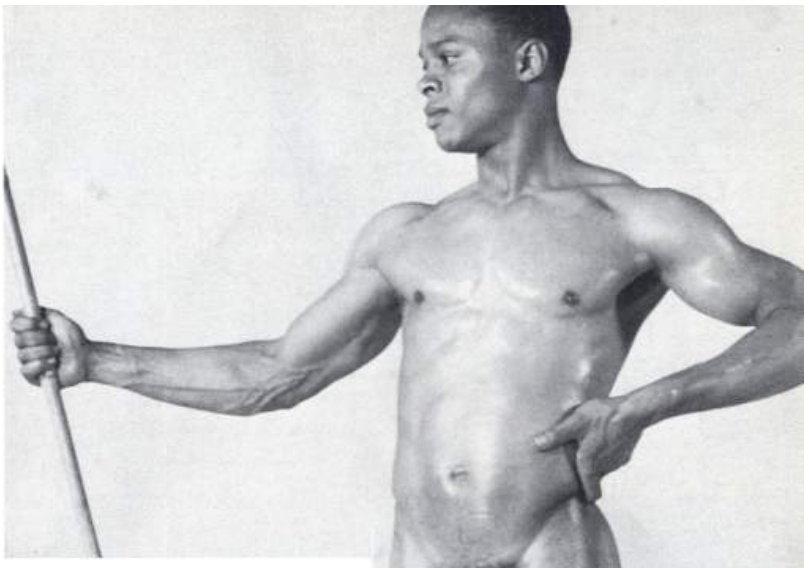

Every stroke a hazard to prolongation, I felt as though I couldn't help cumming, shooting my jazz in a steamy arc over the sand, but determined to hold back long enough so that Shannon Bryant would know I was there, was seeing his submissive acceptance of spectacular manclubs, taking them together into his body, one excavating a new channel between his gorgeous buns, the other stretching his throat and gullet to new and undreamed dimensions.

He lay there, at that awkward angle, while they shoved the meat to him, his face blank, distant, consumed with the intensity of the absorbed concentration of the moment, the unique things that were happening to him, blank, distant, lost in the dual fuck, the complete immersion in lust and manflesh battering him to glory.

I stood there, eyes shifting from one figure to the next, more than a little envious of Shannon, wanting it to be me taking that brutal black cockclub up my ass, even feeling the pain of those repeated withdrawls, the new stretching open of my asshole

cont'd p. 30

each time he rammed forward, drove his hugely thick ram into the agitated ring anew.

They fucked!

The three of them worked in a-rhythmic unison, stroking, pushing, pulling, pumping, driving, braking, backing off, yet even then coming closer and closer together, each of them working toward the same goal as the other two.

I jacked my dick, moaning constantly, in physical pain as I managed to prolong the ecstasy of it all, watching, fantasizing, seeing, dreaming, and manipulating my own flesh, working at all the magic points only I knew, building to a height insupporatable, retaining the brink-of-climix wonder of total feeling beyond the point of endurance—but I had to last! I couldn't let it spurt!

Not yet!

Not until Shannon Bryant regained at least a vestige of human awarness, not until he emerged, even if only for the blink of an eye, a beat of the heart, into the civilization he had escaped in the glory of that two battering tools that seemed to meet some where mid-point inside his wide-open rent-from-both-ends body!

cont'd p. 31

The black glanced abstractedly in my direction, grinned with dazzling, beautiful white teeth, turned away, again concentrating on the fuck-ass drive of his powerful hips. The blond saw me, made no sign of awarness that there were intruders, interlopers, about, and kept up the accelerating drive/smash of his mouth-fucking hips.

I moved closer than ever, only inches now from the triad in lust, and pressed the tip of my dick to Shannon's sweaty, undulating hip. He made a choked sound, in the depths of his throat, one hand, which had been locked white-knuckled against the rock, apparently in aiding him keep his precarious balance as the two assailants buffeted his flesh, reaching out, exploratively, moved tremblingly down from shoulder, over chest, belly, crotch, over thighs, back to cup and knead my nuts, then spasmically twitching, fumbled my tense, steely shaft of my joint, gripped it, squeezed, stroked twice, and set me on fire.

I cried out, a harsh barking sound of victory and surrender in one paean call, felt my whole body melt, my insides going liquid and uncontainable, as that first wild, agonizing gathering of

I jacked it. I watched the piston-smoothness of black cock up his ass, blond cock down his throat, and the writhing, rippling acceptance as each and every muscle in his body seemed to make way, make room, for the invaders.

He snorted and grunted and groaned, whimpering with pain and delight, as they pumped him full, pulled back, left him wanting, than sank full-depth into him again—and again—andagain-andagain!

The black glanced abstractedly in left him wanting, than sank

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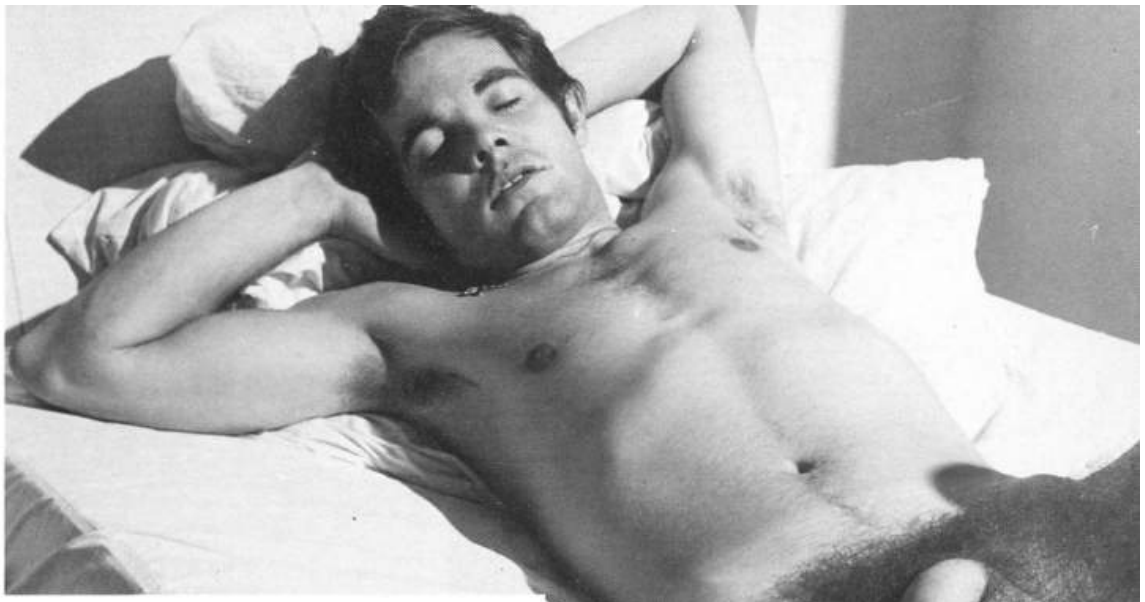

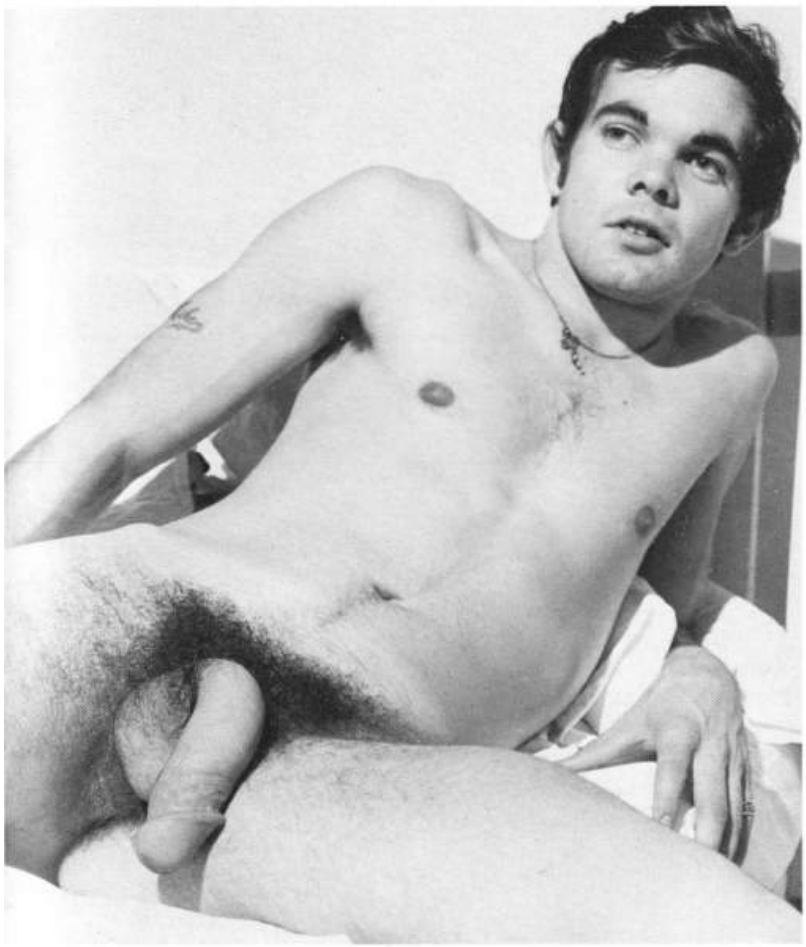

forces, the first electric shock of release, the first headlong surge of life's essence soared free, cascading fierily from the dilated lips of my swollen cockhead, crashed splattingly over the bronzed sleek flesh of Shannon Bryant's hip and lower back, shooting an ocean of cum onto his flesh, second and third gusts of orgasm arcing strongly, pearl-spotting the heaving back, the sweat-diamonded, high-domed pecs and corrugated abdominals of the cum-spurting, jism-blashing, asshole buried black stud, and hearing the whipped-puppy whimpers of the balls-deep-

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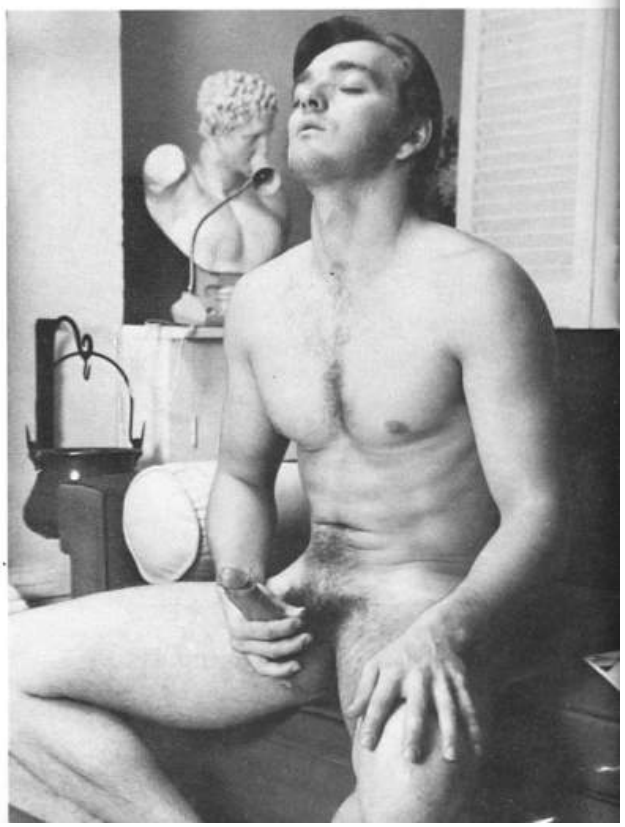

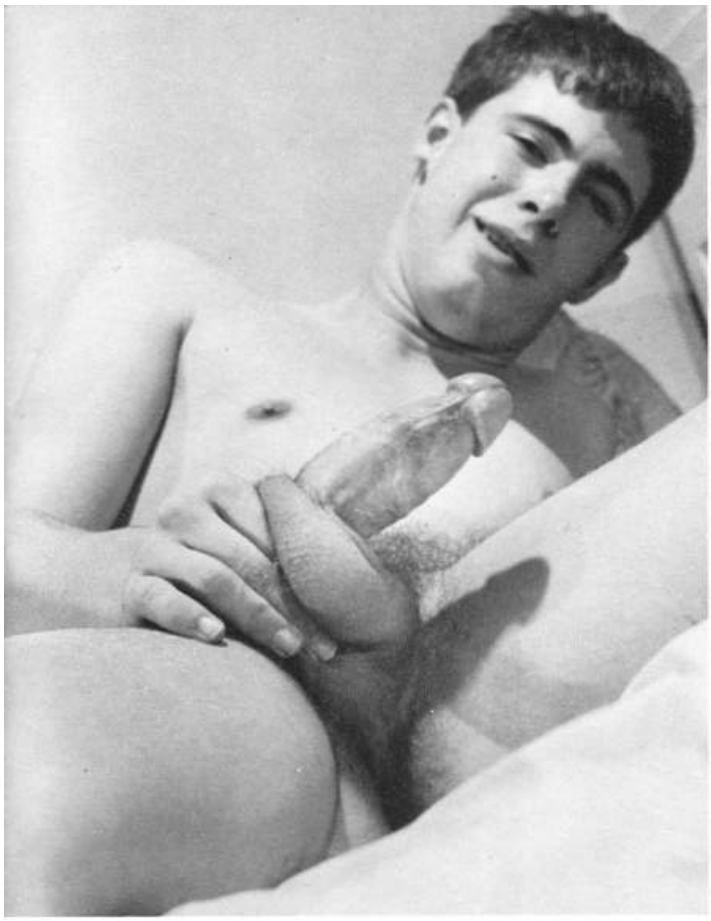

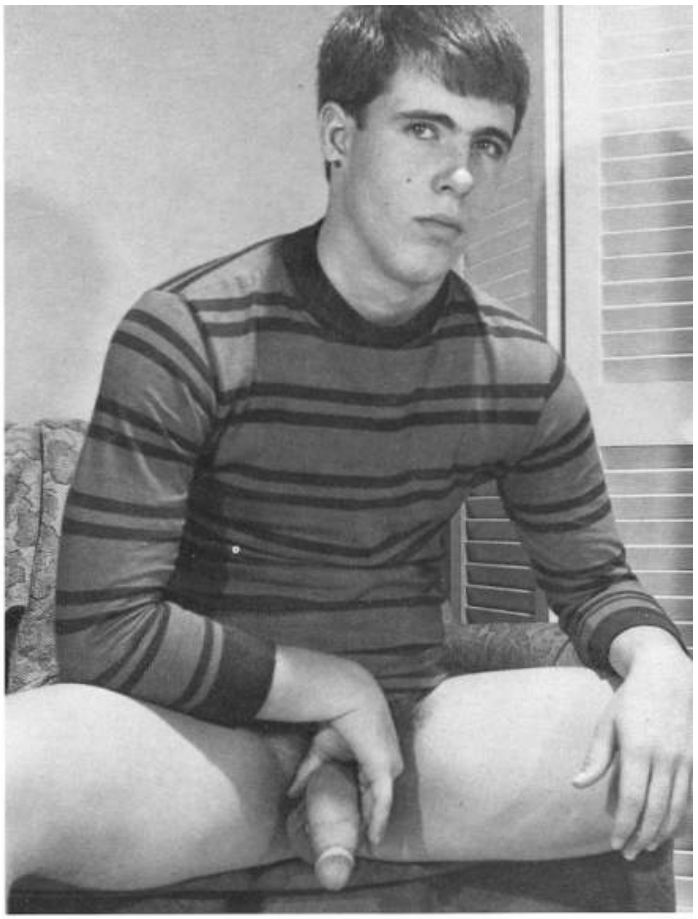

2K

throat-planted balls-bursting shoot-off of the blond, holding Shannon's face breathlessly glued to his lower belly as his balls danced, his cockshaft pumped gallons of manjuice into the gulping gullet.

Shattered by the past moments, Shannon's aggressive reach for my dick, the stroking that got me off, on top of the prolonged excitement of watching the three-way session, I stumbled off, managed to make it a few feet from them, stumbled and stretched out on the sand, on my back, hands over my eyes, throat dry and burning, heart pounding, wondering in panic if I'd be able to regain my composure or whether the battering pain in my chest would become unbearable, turn into a lethal attack and bring my end, right there, bare-assed, on the beach, to be found and cursed for a queer by the fire department rescue squad, if anybody got around to calling them in the midst of this growing orgy as new people kept arriving all the time.

I lay there, feeling silly, as the gripping intensity of post-orgasmic sensitivity ebbed away, my breathing smoothed, my heart decelerating to a more normal rate, no longer feeling ready to burst and shatter.

"Quite a scene, that. I wondered if you were gonna get in on it . . . or just settle for watching . . ."

The laughing voice drifted lightly from above. I lifted my hand from over my eyes, looked up, couldn't see anything but a distorted, foreshortened sihouette against the blinding sunlight.

The form moved, apparently realizing I couldn't really see him, stepped over me, and in the movement I got a flash of blinding white between rippling muscular thighs. Now, standing on the other side of me every detail of him highlighted by the mid-morning

cont'd p. 39

sun's brightness, I caught my breath.

A kid, cute as hell, about seventeen, maybe, more likely sixteen, naked except for an incredibly brief pair of cut-off jeans, so short I wondered how they held together, because they certainly did nothing to hold him in. The jutting pouch of a pair of dazzling clean briefs poked out from under the thigh-top shorts leg, and a smile, nearly as blinding-white, beautiful, intimate, beamed down at me from that sweet, innocent boy-face.

"You saw?"

"Fuckin' right, man. Some hot scene! I was gonna come over and get in one . . . until you showed up and got so involved. I got off watchin' you beat off watching them. That Bryant is some weird cat, huh?"

"You know him?"

"No. I know who he is . . . know what he's into, but it's too far-out . . . and too much work for me, except like this morning, when he'd already been conquered by those other two. Once he gets going, anybody can get in on it,

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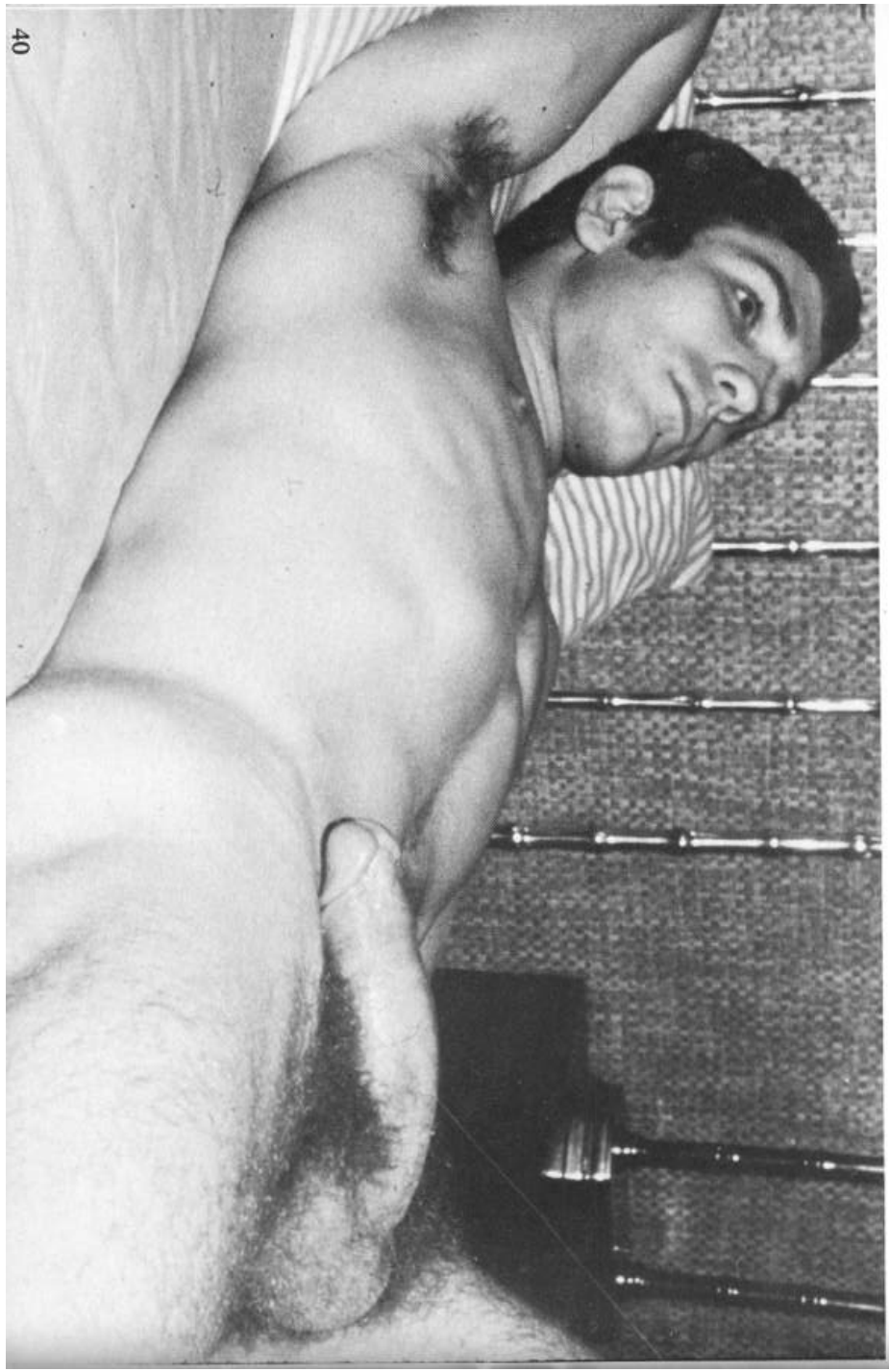
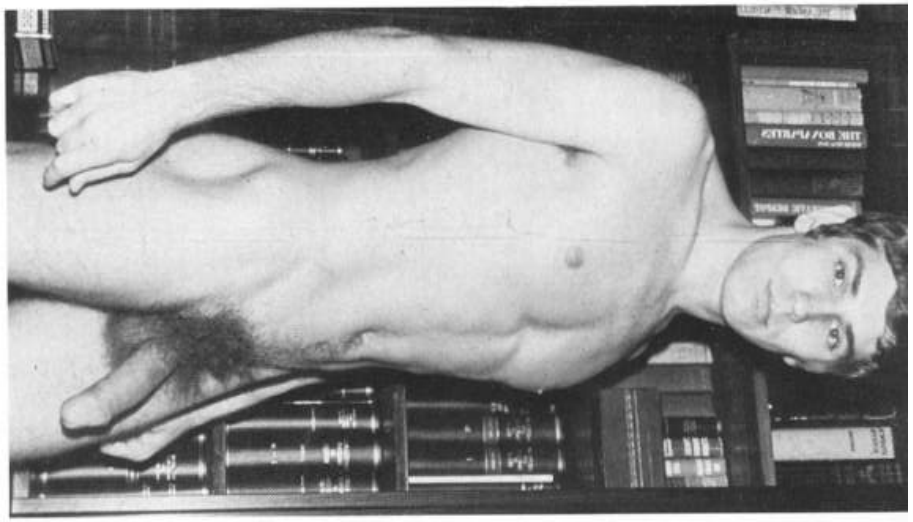
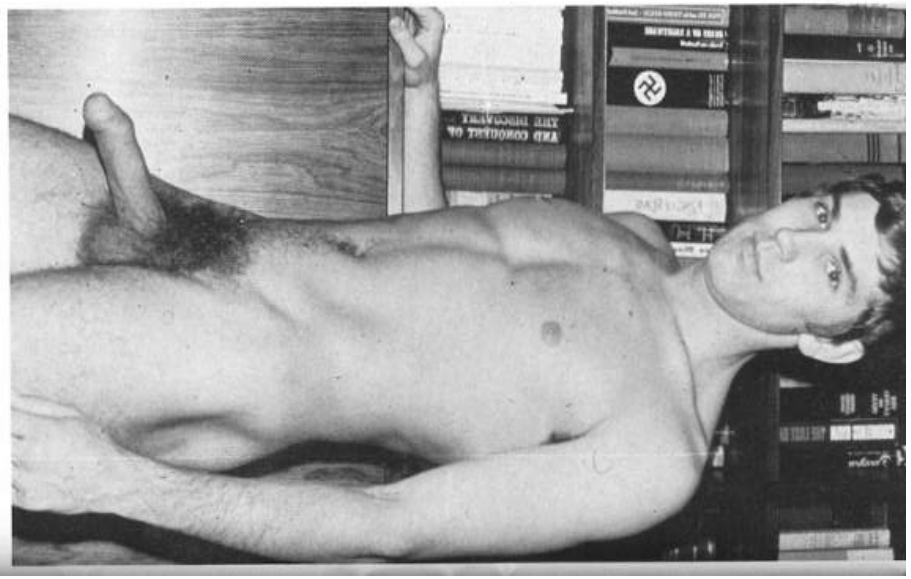


Anatomy of a Root





but Christ, when you have to defeat him from scratch, make him bend to your determination, it takes too fuckin' much time . . . and energy!"

The kid crossed his ankles, seemed to deflate, settled onto the sand beside me, and my eyes flew to his gaping crotch, the heavy-weighted pouch of those pristine white briefs nestling between broonze-tanned thighs, escaping from the inadequate covering of the miniscule cut-offs.

"You like that, huh?"

I looked up, startled by the openness of the kid's attitude, so much in contrast to the innocent, virginal beauty of his sweet, open-feature face.

"Looks like you could choke a fuckin' horse. Why the clothes? After all, it's Bare Ass Beach!"

He chuckled softly, ran a teasing flattend hand over the great cup of clinging white cloth disarranging the symmetry of his basket, gently, lovingly massaging,

teasing, and then when I thought he wasn't going to bother answering, that his scene was the old PrickTease, he winked, squeezing the swelling bulk of his hardening meat, and smiled intimately.

"Makes the cocksuckers all the more hungry. Seeing the big bulge, imagining what must be under the briefs, makes 'em chase after it that much harder."

"Then, why are you here? I'm not chasing . . . at all. I was asleep."

He laughed, then, a rich, a bubbling, pleasure-filled sound, with just a hint of superiority and put-down in it, as though he knew a lot that I didn't know.

I hadn't really heard anything he had said up to that point, but the sound of his laughter somehow jarred me, and full consciousness returned, with it a vague recollection of his words.

I heaved up to sit with knees cocked, elbows resting on them,

cont'd p. 43

Double Dipped

hands dangling between my bare thighs. The kid's eyes darted to my crotch, fully exposed, still cum-caked, balls heavy and empty-feeling, though massively bulky in their close-hanging pouch. The foreskin had held, retracted from the flared head of my dork, and when I sat up the sand grated the sensitive tissue of it.

I winced, then brushing off the sand, rolling the stubborn foreskin down to shield the meatus, turned to him, looking quizzically into his soft, warm brown eyes.

"You said something . . . something about . . . about Shannon."

"What? Only, that he loves to be dominated . . . made to do what he really wants to do but is probably afraid of unless he thinks somebody's forcing him into it. A real weird number, that one."

"Christ, you sound like an old man . . . and look like an innocent baby."

"That's the secret, man. Everybody thinks I'm a virgin, too sweet and clean to even hear 'em say 'damn' . . . or 'hell'. I been around the block. Looking like I do helps get the best. They're intrigued, especially if I drop a hairpin here and there along the way."

He grinned, then, open-faced, wide-eyed, innocently, yet there was a deep look of something timeless and experienced in his eyes.

"Man, and you call Shannon Bryant weird . . . "

I wanted to bite my tongue off, thinking I'd offended him, that I'd chase him away, but he laughed again, head falling back before the force of his delight, as though I'd just uttered the *bon mot* of all time.

"Shit, haven't you figured it out yet? We're all weird, in one way or another. Each of us in our own little weirdness, doing our own little thing . . . it's what makes the world go around . . . and the dick stand up and beg for a certain, special kind of fun

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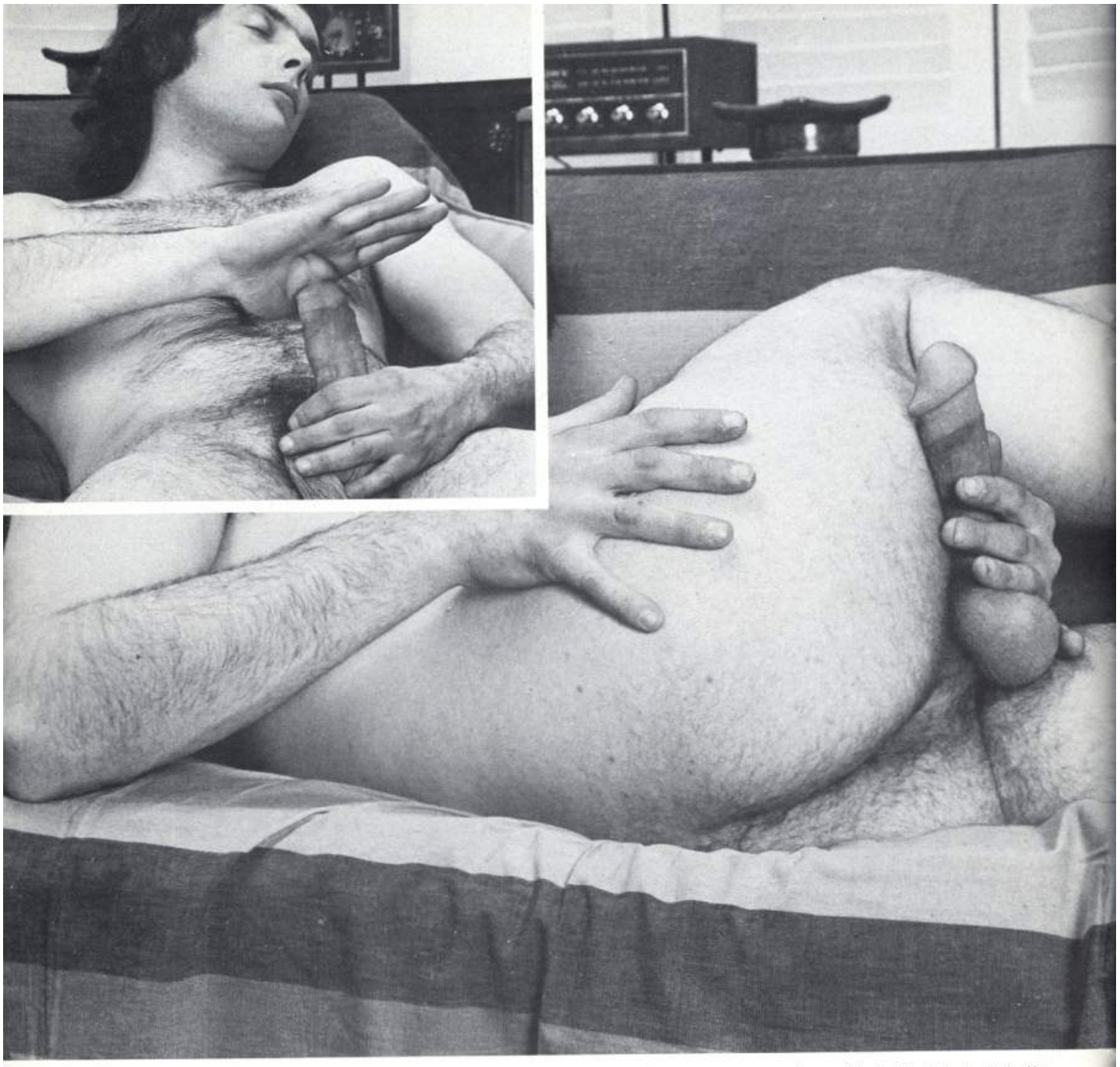

. . . with a certain, special kind of . . . partner."

He lowered his eyes to my crotch again, staring long, running a long, ruby-tipped tongue round and round his lips, silently retreating.

"Okay. What's your weirdness? Parading around Bare Ass Beach with belly-button-short shorts on? Teasing? You get your rocks off being a Prick Teaser?"

He lifted his eyes to meet mine, hot and challenging, staring a long, meaningful time into my gaze, and then softening as he held the sexual exchange, and at the same time fumbled the buttons of his worn-out jeans fly, scooted the ragged cloth down over lean hips and jutting buns, squirming his thighs to free himself, finally kicking off the inadequate scrap of covering, then repeated the same procedure with the dazzling white underbriefs. Finally, sitting there, buck naked, a slightly smirking smile on his handsome boy face, he dropped his eyes, gave the front of his sleek, muscular torso a long, appreciative look, dropped his hands into his crotch, ruffled his bloated balls, milked the above average length of his suntanned cock, and darted another challenging look toward me.

"You think I'm teasing, huh? Well, why not go along with it and . . . find out?"

end

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Bliss to you, p.d.q.

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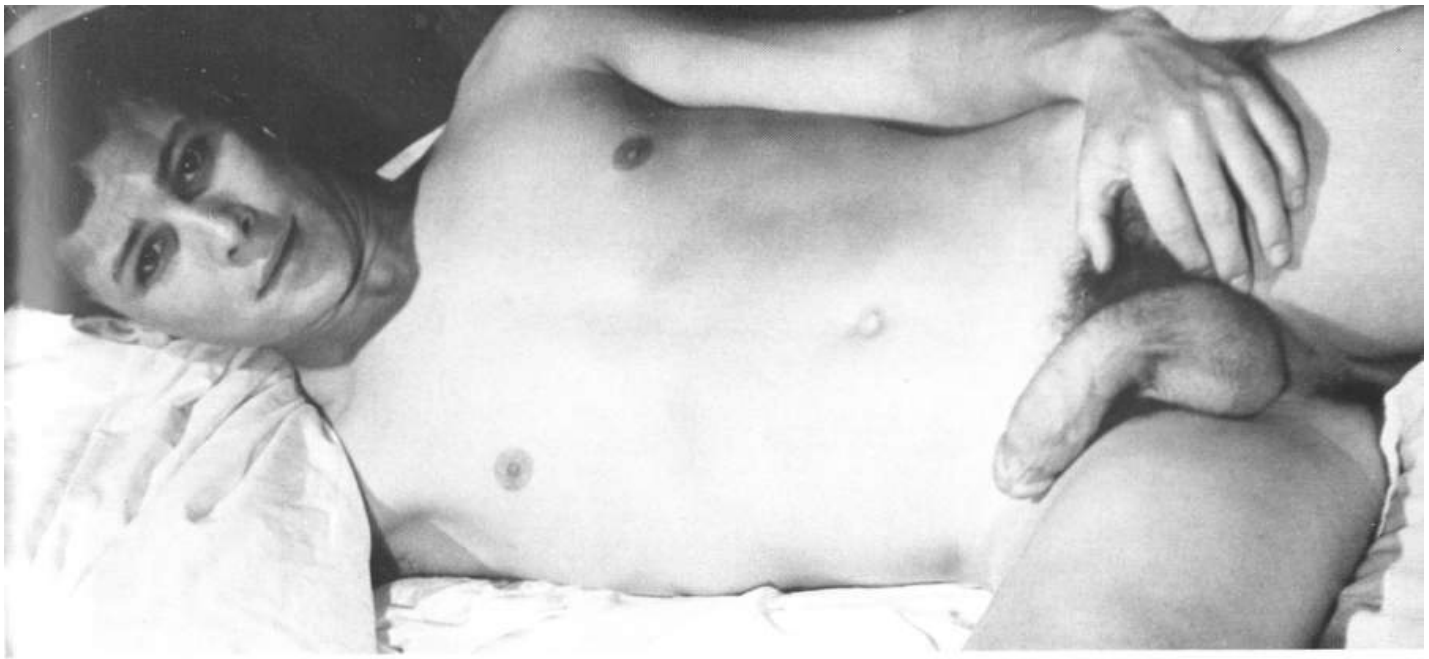

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